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"Ishmael," "The Day Will Come," &c.

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CHAPTER V. DAIGY'S DIASY SEVEN YEARS AFTER.

Continued,

Cvril says he thinks I could write a novel. I have read so many stories, so much poetry and I am such a fanciful imaginative creature he telis me. I hope that isn't another way of saying that I am silly and affected. One never quite knows what a university man means, Undergraduates seem to have a language of their own, made up of satire and contempt for refined in England and on the Continent. Re- no squares and terraces, and never-ending viewers have written about him in several streets as there are now. It is a fine old house. man, he always seems to mean a great deal languages, his success has been undisputed, his name is quoted with Darwin, and Spencer, more than he says. At any rate he has said ever so many times this summer that I ought to be able to write a novel. How I wish I could. How delightful it must be to invent to go delightful it must be to invent to go drudging on at the task of educating a frivolous girl like me. We are reading Duruy's "Histoire des any more," I said to myself again and again, as people that seem alive, to live in their lives and in their adventures to move all over the are reading Grote's "Plato" and Jowett's magand in their adventures to move all over the world in a beautiful day dream, not dim and confused and blurred and blotted with absurdities as night dreams are, but clear and vivid to kiss the hand that wrote that noble book. with the light that never was on land or sea.

I only wish Cyril were right; but alas, he 18 wrong. I have tried ever so many times, I ter. My heroine seemed so foolish and so feeble, there was no life in her. She was like those dear dolls I loved so, that never would sit up, not even against the wall. She was every rather afraid he was too much like Rochester in "Jane Eyre" where he wasn't the very image of Guy Livingston. What men those off best at a dinner party or a ball. Mr. Rocheshave loved him after he went blind. Happy

No. I'm afraid I shall never write a novel. There is something wanting. Invention I supadventures would hardly fill a chapter-not if I began at my cradle. I never went to a hour and cruei school like Jane Eyre. I never knew for you to look at."

He had asked mother to meet him at the stawalk, and then it was only a pleasant hunger, with the knowledge that 5 o'clock tea and hot buns and thin broad and butter were waiting for me at home. No, I have no viensitudes to write about; but I can write about those I love, my impressions of people and scenery, and books and animals.

How big a volume I could filt upon one sub-

et alone if I were to write about mother and all her goodness to me, and the happy years I have spent with her for my chief companion. It seems only yesterday that I was a child and It seems only yesterday that I was a constant seems only yesterday that I was a she used to play with me at all sorts of games. I that my cousins don't care for.

We went to the station, mother and I, in than which I cannot imagine enything more wearisome to a grown-up person. To pretend to eat a grand dinner off little painted wooden to ear a grand dinner off little painted wooden platform in the summer evening talking about dishes, with curious puce-colored joints and father and his delight in the new garden.

We used to play battledore and shuttlecock on the tennis hawn for hours at a stretch. She could run faster than I till a year or two ago. She says now that those battledore contests kept her young. Every one says how young us one?" and cirlish she looks, more like my elder sister than my mother, indeed strangers generally take her to be my sister.

How pretty she is-pretty is too insignificant a word. She is beautiful. I know no one with such a lovely complexion-clear and pale, with a rosy flush that lights up her face suddenly are the joveliest I ever caw. They have so much light in them and her smiles are like warm summer sunshine.

But I must begin the story of my life in those day when I was just old enough to underad all that was going on around about me, and to be sorry when those I loved were sorry, and that will bring me only too soon to the saddest part of all my life, the time when my father was taken from us. Let me try and recall him vividly in this book

while I am still able to remember him exactly as he was, so that when I am old and memory grows dim I may find his image here, as one ids a rose in a book, dry and dead, but with its beauty and color and velvet texture still re-

What a splendid-looking man he was; not like Guy Livingston nor like Edward Fairfax Rochester. There was nothing dark or rugged or repulsive about my dear father, and, in-deed, aithough one's heart always goes out to a swarthy repulsive man in the pages of a novel, I don't know whether one would take quite so kind y to Brian de Bois Gilbert, or even to Rochester in real life. My father was like David, of a pleasant countenance, ruddy and fair to see. I can bring his face and figure before me like a vision when I shut my eyes in the sunshine and fancy him walking across the hind him, as I used to see him so often in the

happy days before I went to Harley street. was tall and broad shouldered, upright, with an easy walk. He took long steps as he came across the grass swinging his oak stick. the stick he used in his long tramps to Henley or Reading, or across the fields and woods to some out-of-the-way village. He was almost always out of doors in summer-alone, or with mother, oftenest with mother-walking, driving, rowing, playing tennis.

He was not too old for tennis. Yes, there is the bright, frank face, and the smiling blue eyes-honest English eyes. His portrait, in the library, and his photographs may help to keep his features clearly in my memory, but it seems to me as if I never could have forgotten him even if there had been no portrait of him in existence. It is hardly a question of memory. His face lives in my heart and mind.

His face lives in my neart and mind.

He was fond of me. One of my earliest recollections is of lying at the end of the punt among a heap of soft cushions, while my father walked up and down with the long. heavy punt pole, and moved the great clumsy boat over the bright blue water, sometimes turning into a quiet backwater, where he would moor his boat, and sit and smoke his pipe in the sunshine, and talk to me in a slow, dreamy way between the puffs of tobacco, or let me little shrill voice, and what questions I used to ask him, question after question, and how puzed to look sometimes at my everlastof? Dearest father, how patient he was with me. He used to laugh off my questions. He happy with him. It all seems like a dream of never happened before. bappiness now as I look back apon it, but as

Sometimes these happy mornings were Sunday mornings when mother was at church. If go to London with Ambrose Arden. She did the place that he took then, or the influence Sunday happened to be a very warm day father would begin to yawn at breakfast time and would say he did not feel inclined for church altered that I hardly knew her. She was dressed after this. Aunt Talbot was with a fashionable and would go on the water with Daisy, and in black, and her pale face had a look that then I used to clap my hands and rush off to made me tremble. She scarcely spoke to me of his time in Harley street and part of his

to teach her to read and write, unless it was some little princes in the days when a man like. Fenelon was not thought too good to be a prince's tutor. Uncle Ambrose taught me from the prince's tutor. Uncle Ambrose taught me from the fancy to do do so. He is a man of such laborious habits that he takes no account of trouble, rious habits that he takes no account of trouble,

Uncle Ambrose. I used to call him Mr. Arden-Misser Arden, at least, for it was before I could speak plainly. One day he told me not to call him m ster; it was too formal between him and me. "Call me Ambrose," he said, and then mother looked up from her work and said that now. She has told me how she hardly missed would never do. A little girl could not address | me in those days of agony-only awaking somea man of his years and learning by his Chris-

"I am not quite so elderly as I seem." he said, laughing, "but if you think Ambrose won't do, let me be an imaginary uncle, and let her call me Uncle Ambrose. Will that do?" "Yes," said mother, "that will do very well." So from that time forward he was Uncle Ambrose, and he is Uncle Ambrose to this day, just as kind, and good, and devoted as he was when I was a little girl, with bare arms, short petticoais, and a sun bonnet. He still occupies himself about my education, although he is a much more distingu shed person than when he began the task. He has published three different books since then, books of the very highest literary character, which have made nificent translation. The little Greek that I know helps me to appreciate the beauty and grace of the English rendering. I should like

How suddenly, how awfully that happy life with my father came to an end. I remember have begun story after story, and have torn up after breakfast to go to London and complete the manuscript after the second or third chapthe parchase of Mr. Florestan's land. We breakiasted in the garden, in an open tent on the lawn, and we were all so happy. Father talked of nothing but the land and the new gardet which was to be laid out immediately. The ground had all been laid out already on bit as limp. My hero was better, but I'm paper. The plans were in the library on ather's writing table-drawings of terraces and balustrades, vases and statues lightly sketched in with that beautiful touch which makes almost any house charming before it is were. Guy was nicer-he would have shown | built. Everybody had seen the plans and had talked about them, and argued and advised, ter comes nearer one's heart. How I could and my dear father had talked them all down with his grand ideas of an Italian garden. Uncle Ambrose quoted Lord Bacon's essay on Jane-to be so miserable, nearly starved to gardens. I remembered the very words a year death, and then to have her own true love ago when I began to read Bacon. They came after all. was only a child, but I used to sit and listen to everything that was said, and think and wonder. Father kissed me at the gate before he got into pose. But I am very fond of writing, so I have the T-cart that was to take him to the station. made up my mind to write my own life. My Thank God for that kiss. He looked back at mother and me as he drove away. He looked

> tion in the evening. She was to drive her ponies, and she was to take me with her if she On those long summer days I used to sit up until 9 o'clock, and I used to sit with mother and father while they dined. My Aunt Taibot protested sometimes against what she called over-indulgence, and said I was being spoilt, and should grow up old-fashioned. I don't know about the spoiling, but perhaps I did grow old-fashioned. I could not have been my mother's companion in all those happy

she was enjoying herself just as much as I was. good time to meet the train that was due at a She would play at visiting, and dinners even, few minutes before 7. We were there about a quarter of an hour before the train was due, and we walked up and down the long narrow

given on to them, and to make conversation and to pretend to think everything nice, and to ask for a second help of a wooden leg of muthat I have but to express a wish and he immediately makes it his own. If I were to ask for a second help of a wooden leg of muthat I have but to express a wish and he immediately makes it his own. If I were to ask for a second help of a wooden leg of muthat I have but to express a wish and he immediately makes it his own. If I were to ask for like the Princess Badroulbadour, I horace was eighteen when my father died, and while I was at Westgate with my cousins believe he would start off to Africa to look for one.

I remember laughing at the idea of the egg. "A roc's egg would be as big as all our house, mother. Wouldn't it be funny if some one sent

There were very few people at the station. and we walked up and down and talked as mer-rily as if we had been in our own garden. Presently an electric bell began to ring, and then a porter came out and rang a bell on the platform in front of the little waiting room, and a rosy flush that lights up her face suddenly then the train came slowly in and mother and when she is animated. Her large hazel eyes I stood looking at the faces in the carriage windows. There was seldom any delay in finding out father among the arrivals. He was always on the alert to see us.

But on this evening we looked for him in vain. Three people got out of the train and the train went on, and mother and I were left standing on the platform, disappointed and un-The next train to stop at Lamford was not due until ten minutes to 9-too late for dinner, too late for the sunset on the river-a long, long time for us to wait,

"I must drive you home, Daisy," said my mother, "and then I can come back to meet vour father." I tried to persuade her to wait there and let me wait with her-the idea of home and bed-

time were distasteful to me. I could see that my mother was vexed and troubled. I clung to her as she moved to leave the station. "Let us wait for father; I'm not tired; I'm

not hungry. Do let us wait for him, and all go home together." It was a lovely evening; the sun still bright, the station master's little garden full of sweet scented flowers, roses, clove carnations, and sweet peas.

"There may be a telegram at home," said my mother. "Yes, I have no doubt that he has sent me a telegram." That idea seemed to decide her. She put me into the carriage and drove home as fast as the

ponies could go. I was almost afraid at the pace we traveled along the dusty roads and lanes; but we reached home safely, and then came a fresh disappointment. No telegram. I was sent to bed at half-past eight, and mother went back to the station. I couldn't sleep, but lay listening and waiting in the summer dusk in my room next mother's dressing

room. I got my nurse to leave my door open, be with her again, and he said I must try and and I listened for the return of the carriage. and I listened for the return of the carriage. When I heard the wneels I ran out upon the landing in my night gown, and stood at the top of the stairs listening, expecting to hear my father's voice directly the door was opened, but I only heard my mother speaking to the

train. Simeon. There is no other train till after midnight. You will have to sit up for him and arrange a comfortable supper. He may not have found time to dine in London."

I ran down stairs in my night gown, barefooted, and tried to comfort poor mother, for I
could tell by her voice, that she was unbown.

In the happy days that were gone.

"But the curtain will be lifted by-and-by,
Daisy," he said, "and you will see your mother's could tell by her voice that she was unhappy. She took me in her arms and cried over me. and we went upstairs together, she scolding me a little for leaving my bed room, but not really angry. I knew that she was hardly thinking about me. I knew that she was miserable about my father.

This was only the beginning of trouble. She was up all night, walking about her own room ing "why" and my everlasting "what." Why or going down stairs and out into the garden did the sun shine, or why did the river make and to the gate to listen for his coming. All and to the gate to listen for his coming. All night at intervals I heard her going up and cruel. He will have taken his natural place in down and the opening and shutting of the the past, and his shador heavy hall door. The butler and one of the present as it does now." pover explained things, or taught me the maids sat up all night. Mother told Simeon names of the flowers like Uncle Ambrose. Our she felt sure his master would come home by him when he was leaving Westgate later in the life together was a perpetual holiday. He road in the middle of the night even, rather afternoon. life together was a perpetual holiday. He road in the middle of the night even, rather taught me how to fish for dace and minnows than leave her in suspense. Such a thing as out of the stern of the boat, and I was very his breaking an appointment with her had

It was broad daylight when I cried myself to distinct as the most vivid dream from which one has only just awakened.

Sleep—so unhappy for mother's sake; so frightened always had the next place in my heart after my father. Mother left the house early next morning to not come back for three days, and then my that he had over me then in my desolation.

Yes, he was very good to me. He used to talk of days when I should be grown up and when he would take me to parties and balls.
"Your mother and I are saving ourselves up for your first season, Daisy," he said. "That's why we are living likeh ermits."

Yes, he was good and I loved him dearly, but this earth. If I were to spend all my life in Classical was a spend and I remembered as children remembered as childre Fesh he was good and I loved him dearly, but this earth. If I were to spend all my life in prayers, never to rise up off my knees while I lived, my prayers would not give him to me for her mother," he answered, in his slow serious Mr. Gis my prayers would not give him to me for her mother," he answered, in his slow serious Mr. Gis my prayers would not give him to me for her mother, he answered, in his slow serious lived, my prayers would not give him to me for her mother, he answered, in his slow serious lived. so bonored as to have a man of vast learning five minutes, would not gain me so much as to teach her to read and write, unless it was the sound of his dear voice calling me from the

ucation I can never remember one impatient word, or even one impatient movement on his part. I have lost patience often, I, the learner. i.e. the teacher, never. rie, the teacher, never.

I can just remember how I came to call him ble thing that froze her blood and made her

I can understand what she felt now, and how in her grief she was hardly conscious of my existence, and that she did not really care whether I went or stayed. I can sympathize with her times as if out of a dream to wonder that my place was empty. We had been so much to-gether, I running after her everywhere like a lap dog, she never tired of me, or became impatient with me; and yet in that overwhelming sorrow she almost forgot that she had a daughter. She has owned as much to me, and I have never felt wounded or angry that it should have been so with her, since I have been able to understand the nature of such grief as hers. But at the time I was heart broken by her coldness.

Aunt Emily took me to London and gave me over to the nurses and governesses in her house in Harley street. It is a very large house, the largest in the street, I believe, and it was built for a rich nobleman when Harley street was new, and there was nothing but fields and him a reputation amongst the learned and the | country villages to the north-no Regent's Park, with paneled walls and decorated ceilings and large rooms at the back; but it seemed, oh! such and Max Mullen. In a word he is a famous a dreary house to me after our garden by the

an agony to me because of their strangeness. I had never been parted from my mother before. Wherever she and my father went they

had taken me with them.

My cousins were all older than me and they had to work very hard under a French and a German governess. Fraulein taught them music and painting, and Mademoiselle taught them French, attended to their wardrobes. with a useful maid under her, and superintended their calisthenic exercises and dancing lessons, and was "responsible for their figures. I cannot help putting that phrase in my book, for I heard my aunt use it very often. Her great desire was that her daughters should be accomplished and elegant in all their attitudes and movements.

"I expect them to be statuesque in repose and graceful in motion," she said, and it gave her almost a nervous attack when she saw Clementina sitting with her toes turned to each other, or her feet and ankles twisted into a knot under her chair. There is no malice in saying that Aunt Emily's

idea of education was the very opposite to that of Uncle Ambrose's. He taught and trained me to be happy in solitude, as he is, to be good company for myself and to find new interests every day in books. Aunt Emily wished her daughters to shine in society, to talk French and German and to play and sing better than any other girls in her circle, and above all to make the most of their personal advantages. She is perfectly candid in the expression of her ideas and makes no secret of her views upon around at us with his beautiful smile and called education, so there is no harm in my recording them in this journal, which nobody is ever to read, so I might be as malevolent as I like without injuring anybody.

Mother says that I am very uncharitable sometimes in my ideas and judgments and that a large hearted charity is a virtue of age rather than youth. I know that I am quick to see the weak points in the characters of my friends and acquaintances and I daresay I am just as had not gone beyond the garden since her ill-

blind to my own defects.

It is a lucky thing for Aunt Emily that her five daughters are good looking and two of with your loving little ways, Daisy." he said; them decidedly handsome. A plain daughter would have been an actual affliction to her. Ail the ugliness of the family has concentrated itself in her only son, my cousin Horace, a very plain boy. But fortunately he is scientific and promises to be a shining light in the medical profession; at least that is what his father and mother say of him. He has made a profound study of sanitation, and he can hardly talk to any one five minutes without mentioning sewage gas. He is always altering the lighting or the

and while I was at Westgate with my cousins large white China crape shawl, one of father's and the two governesses he used to come down | gifts, which I remembered ever since I could on a Saturday and stop till Monday, and I must remember anything. There was a middle aged own to my diary, which is a kind of lion's woman in the room, neatly dressed in black, mouth into which I can drop any accusations 1 with a white cap and apron, whom I afterward like, that he gave himself great airs to his knew as one of mother's nurses. She had had

them, now I am grown up. and wonder that I left alone. ever lived through them. My cousins were kind to me in a condescending way, as was natural from big girls to a litle girl, and the father and woke to the agony of knowing that her chin I should never see his beloved face or hear his parent. dear voice again, except in dreams. I think grown-up people forget how keenly they grieved and suffered when they were children. and that they never quite understand a child's grief. I know that when either of the governesses tried to console me she always made me just a little more miserable than I was before she took me on her lap and talked to me about

heaven and my father.

I heard by accident, as I was not intended to hear it, that my mother was very ill, danger- her own feeble hands, in spite of all the nurse ously ill, and I was so unhappy about her that | could say, and from that night I was with her after entreating again and again with passion- always. ate tears to be taken to her I made up my mind to walk to London and from London to River Lawn. I had looked at the map of England sometimes when my cousins had their atlases out and I knew that to reach Lamford I must go through London. I lay awake all night thinking of how I was to get away when the governess and the maids were engaged and I could creep out of the house without being seen. I believe I should really have started on this journey but for the arrival of my Uncle Ambrose, who came upon me suddenly on the day after I had heard of my mother's illness and who found me sitting crying alone on the

His was the first voice that brought me comfort; it was upon his breast that I sobbed out my grief, until the burden seemed lightened somehow. He told me that my mother was out of danger now and that she would soon get well. or at least well enough for me to go home and

I told him I was afraid my mother had left off loving me since father's death. She had not seemed to mind my going away, while I was heart broken at leaving her. And then he tried to make me understand how in a great grief like my mother's all things seem blotted out. "Your master has not come by the nine o'clock except that one overpowering sense of loss. He told me that a dark curtain had fallen over my mother's mind, and that I should find her changed from the happy woman I had known

joyous nature return to her. No grief lasts forever. A year is a long time even for a great sorrow, and in a year your mother will begin to He meant this for consolation, but my tears

broke out afresh at the thought that my father could be forgotten.

"No, my darling, he will live in your memory and your mother's, but your memory of him will be sweet and sad, instead of bitter and the past, and his shadow will not darken the "Let me go home soon," I said, clinging to

"As soon as ever your mother is well enough to see you, darling," he promised.

I spent three more weary weeks at Westgate

We went off to the station in an open fly to-

and in all the years he has labored at my education I can never remember one impatient her crying and begging to be allowed to stay word, or even one impatient movement on his with her. Her eyes looked right over my head so dull and difficult compared with Uncie Ambrose's way of teaching me. The Fraulein was always grinding at grammar-while, except so far as learning my French verbs, I hardly knew what grammar meant, but, without being vain, it is only fair to Uncle Ambrose to say that at ten years old I knew a great deal more about the history of the world and guised. She was doing some mysterious fancy people who had lived in it than my Cousin Dora, who was eighteen. And even in those days I knew something about the great poets of the world, of whom Dora and her sisters knew nothing; for Uncle Ambrose had told me about Dante and his wonderful history about hell and heaven, and about Goethe and his Faust, and he had read Milton's story of Adam and Eve and the fallen angel who tempted him and Shakespeare's "Tempest" and "Ad You Like It" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" aloud to me, to familiarize my ear and my mind with poetry while I was still a child, he said, I had to thank his kindness for all I knew, and for being a better companion to my mother than I would have been if I had had a Fraulein

and a Mademoiselle to teach me.

When we were sitting in the railway carriage and the sun was shining full upon Uncle Ambrose's face I noticed for the first time that there was a great change in him since the summer. I had been too excited and busy to take notice of it before, but I saw now that he had grown thin and paler, and that he looked older and very ill. I put my arms round him and kissed him as I used to do in the dear old days. "Poor Uncle Ambrose," I said, "how sorry you must have been. I love you better than ever dear, because you are so sorry for us." head was leaning forward on his breast, and he gave one great sob.

How distinctly I remember that journey through the clear September light, by great yellow corn fields and the blue bright sea, and then hop gardens and orchards full of fruit. and then houses and houses and houses and then at last the air grew dull and thick and the

sun seemed dead and this was London. Uncle Ambrose was silent and thoughtful all through the journey, which seemed so long; oh, so long, as if it would never come to an end and bring me to mother and home. I have been to the Highlands since then and to the Riviera, but those journeys were with mother and they did not seem half so long as the journey from Westgate to London and across London to Paddington and from Paddington to the little station at Lamford, where we waited for father that evening-for father who was never, never never coming home to us

At the sight of the station, and the stationmaster's garden-which was all ablaze with dahlias and hollyhocks now, where the sweet peas had been blooming-I burst into tears. They were the first I had shed since I left Westgate; but the sight of the garden brought back the memory of that evening when I walked up and down with mother, and when we were both so gay and happy, talking of father and what he would say and how he would look when we saw his face at the carriage window. I have but to shut my eyes, even now, after

seven years have changed me from a child to almost a woman, and I can see the station lying all among the meadows by the river side, and can see my father's face as I expected to see it. smiling at us as the train came in-dear, wellremembered face which I was never to see

There was a carriage at the station to take us home, but mother wasn't in the carriage. When he saw my disappointment Uncle Ambrose told me that she was still a great invalid and "You will have to comfort and cheer her

but you will have to be very quiet and gentle. It is not so long since she could hardly bear the sound of any one's voice. You will find her sadly changed."
"More changed than you are?" I asked.

"Much more. Think how much more trouble she has gone through than I have had to bear.' "But you look as if you couldn't have been more sorry," I said; for indeed I never had seen such sadness in any face as I had seen in

sisters and the governesses, and was altogether | two nurses all through her illness, one for the very disagreeable.

Those summer weeks at Westgate were the been one dreadful time when it was thought unhappiest period of my life. I look back at that she might try to kill herself if she were

Yes, she was changed, more changed than Uncle Ambrose. She was wasted to a shadow and there was no color in her face. Even her governesses were very sorry for me and tried lips were white. Her beautiful hair, which to comfort me, but there was no comfort for father had been so proud of, had all been cut me on the face of the earth without my mother, off, and she were a little lace cap, which covfather had been so proud of, had all been cut off, and she wore a little lace cap, which covand night after night I dreamt of my dead ered her close-cropped head and was tied under her chin. Her poor hands were almost trans-

She gathered me up in her arms and she kissed and cried over me, and I thought even then that it did her good to have her little daughter back again. She told me years afterward that those tears were the first that had brought any sense of relief with them. She lifted me into a corner of her sofa, weak as she was, and she kept me there till my bedtime, She had my supper laid upon a little table by the sofa and she fed me and cared for me with

"You don't know what it is to me to have my little girl again," she said to nurse; "you don't know what is to feel this frozen heart beginning to melt and to know that there is something left in this world that I can love.' She said almost the same words to Uncle Ambrose next day when he came over to River | From the New York Sun. Lawn soon after breakfast to give me my morning lessons and I thought he looked more and more sorry as he stood listening to her with his

"Yes, it is a blessed thing to know we can love and be beloved." he said. Mother told me afterward that there was a reason for his sympathizing with her in her sorrow more than any other friend. He, too, had lost his nearest and dearest, his good and devoted young wife, after a brief illness, almost as suddenly as her loss had come upon her. He, too, was alone in the world, but for an only child, his son, of whom he was doubtless very fond. But, mother added, there were times when she fancied that he was fonder of me than

of his own son. Our lives went on very quietly after that day, and from that day I was mother's only companion. We have never been parted since my desolate days at Westgate, and we have lived almost ont of the world. Mother says that next year when I am eighteen she will have to go into society for my sake, and that she will not be able always to go on refusing invitations to garden and tennis parties all along the river banks from Henley to Reading. It will be only right for me to see a little more of the world. mother says, and to mix with girls of my own age. I suppose I shall like it when the time comes, but I have no longing for parties, or dances, or fine clothes, and my consins in Harley street say I am the oddest girl they ever met with, but that it is no wonder I am odd, considering the eccentric manner in which I

have been educated.

I have been so happy, so happy with mother in all these years, so fond of our pretty house. which grows prettier every year under mother's care, and our gardens, which are looked upon as model gardens by all the neighborho People come and ask to see them, as a great favor, which is rather hard upon mother and

me, who love seclusion.

For seven years Uncle Ambrose had gone steadily on with my education, never missing a | cry of "Tickets, please!" and as there was only day, except when some slight illness has made either him or me unfit for work. As punctually as the clock strikes 10 he appears at the little one fresh passenger he walked directly up to garden gate nearest his cottage. If the weather father and mother, but he seemed nearer to me is warm we sit in the summer house or under than ever after that day, and he has never lost the great willow, which grows and grows and grows as if it were a magic tree. If it is not summery enough for sitting out-of-doors we work in the boudoir upstairs, which mother has

old red tower we were gliding ever so far up the river on the way to our favorite backwater, papers white used to stand read hits sufficient and red will make the well will find an accordant by papers where the will will be considered and the people dying, but they were old people dyin made my room.
Yes, we have been happy together, mother

Gladstone's Appetizer.

Mr. Gladstone has reached the age of eighty years, living up to his theory of total abstinence for others and seven ounces of alcohol a

Within Thirty Seconds of Time.

As a matter of fact the pretty young woman was sitting on her foot, though you would never have imagined it, so artfully was it diswork on stuff that looked like satin, but wasn't, and at this particular moment it chanced that she was on the point of sewing in one corner a curious little star-shaped button-purpose unknown. Like a flash she passed a silken thread through the eye of her fine needle, drew

"How funny! Men always think that wonderful; and yet nothing could be easier. See this! You give the end of the thread a little turn around the end of the forefinger; that makes the loop. Then a gentle movement of the forefinger end across the ball of the thumb revolves the loop so as to bring the end of the thread through it; pull, and your knot is finished. It is easy enough, you observe."

"No. I don't. Never, I am sure, could I acquire such an art. The only man that ever did acquire it-if, indeed, he knew how to tie a knot with one hand-must have been Teiresias, the old Greek prophet I used to read about in Homer. He was a woman for part of his life, you know, owing to some magical metamorphosis, and he used to entertain the boys around the camp fire before Troy with stories of when he was a girl that were calculated to give away his former sex."

"That was horridly mean of him. However. do tell me what were the other two miracles

Mother was lying on a sofa by the drawing room fire. The evenings were beginning to be chilly and she was an invalid, wrapped in a large white China are certainly the most observant person I have ever met," she responded. "I should not have supposed that you could possibly tell, so carefully have I studied the art of sitting on my foot without appearing to do so. Don't you know that there is no other position in which one can be so entirely comfortable as in this? Men, I suppose, are not able to curl up that way; it is very unfortunate for them. There is quite a science in doing it properly so as not to excite notice. It is not thought to be quite decorous, of course, and so it must be DUNCANSON BROS., Auctioneers. managed unobtrusively. But the next time that you find yourself in a parlor full of women seated observe them closely and you will find a large percentage of them sitting on their feet

a large percentage of them sitting on their feet surreptitiously. There is one thing men do that has always seemed a miracle to me."

A MASCULINE MIRACLE.

"Tim glad of that. Do tell me what it is."

"Shave. I've never understood it, and I never will, how men can do that without chopping themselves into little bits. To let a barter do it is worse yet. I could not reconcile myself to the feeling that I was in a chair entirely at the mercy of a person operating upon me with a razor, who could cut my head off any second with a single stroke of his weapon. No: I confess I would like to be a man if it were not for the necessity of shaving."

"You might let your beard grow."

"That I would never do. I hate a beard. A mustache is nice; but, if I were a man, I would always be close-shaven otherwise."

"The only real advantage of being a woman."

617.

By virtue of a deed of trust chily recorded in Liber No. 1428; folio 349 et seq. one of the land records of the District of Columbia, I will set on IUESDAY THE THE ANT FIGHTH DAY OF JANUARY, A. D. 1890. At HALF PAS, FOUR O'CLOCK P. M., in front of the premises, the following described land and promises, the following described l

"The only real advantage of being a woman." said the young man, "is that she doesn't have

"And, alas!" responded the pretty girl, "that advantage is offset by the troublesome sity of doing up her hair."

The Art of Dinner Giving. A hostess who wants to make her dinners popular may have them as simple as she likes,

but there are some laws she must observe as hand upon the little pile of books which he had brought over from the cottage. He answered mother with a smile a minute afterward:

but there are some laws she must observe as strictly and with as much fear as were those of the Medes and Persians. the Medes and Persians. She must not have tepid oysters; neither

must ice be served about them. She must not have the napery starched until the man with a young mustache feels that every time he puts his napkin to his lips he is risking the destruction of the pride of his life.

She must not bake what ought to be roasted. not serve a fillet until nobody knows whether it is a rubber shoe or a piece of oil cloth. She must not have a servant who is interested in anything except good service. He should'nt smile if the wittiest man in world told the funniest story, nor should he appear interested if a political secret on which

hinged the future of Ireland was heard by him. She should count the sweets of the least im-portance and not believe that a bad dinner can be bolstered up by very much decorated cake or pudding.
She should see that her coffee is as clear as her conscience and as strong as her love.

She should not ask anybody whether they will have cream or not, for people who go out to dinner should learn to do without it. She should not attempt too elaborate a menu, for she wishes each dish to reach the height of perfection, and when the successful

dinner is acheived she should give the cook a large dose of encouragement, a medicine pleas-The woman who understands the art of dinner giving is the woman who is past mistress of the art of keeping her husband at

The Conductor and the Farmer. From the New . ork Sun. As the train left Dayton, south bound, the conductor came into the smoking car with a

him. This new arrival was from the farm and in nothing of a hurry. "What's up, kurnel?" he asked as the conductor halted before him.

"Ticket, sir." "Yes. Is she on time?" "Yes."

AUCTION SALES. THIS AFTERNOON. .

GEO. W. STICKNEY, Auctioneer, 936 F. TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE IMPROVED PROPERTY, BEING No. 1002 I STREET NURTHEAST.

By virue of a certain deed of trust recorded in liber No. 1361, folio 437, one of the land records for the District of Columbia, and at the request of the party secured thereby, I will offer for sale in front of the premises on SA URDAY, the EIGHTEE-NTH day of JANUARY, 1890, at HALF-PAST FOUR O'CLOCK P.M. the following described property in the the city of Washington, District of Columbia, to wit: All of sot 14, in B. H. Warner's subdivision of original lot 3, in square 957.

14. in B. H. Warner's subdivision of original fot 3, in square 957.

Terms of sale: One-third cash, balance in one (1) and iwo (2) rears, with interest at the rate of six (6) per centum per annum, payable semi-annually, or al cash, at the opt on of the purchaser. \$100 deposit required at time of sale. All conveyancing at purchaser's cost. Terms to be complied with in fifteen days.

Ja7-coxda FIELDER P. HACKNEY.

thread through the eye of her fine needle, drew a knot in the end of it and began to stitch on the button in the usual fashion.

The young man on the soft opposite balanced his silk hat on the silver knob of his cane and gazed upon her with admirting wonder.

"Do you know," he said, "that you have been performing, withing the past 30 seconds, four distinct miracles? At any rate they seem such to me."

"Wiracles!" she exclaimed, with langhing surprise. "Pray, what do you mean?"

"Well, in the first place, your threading of that needle off-hand with hardly a glance at it was a marvel in itself. I am sure it would take me at least an hour to accomplish the feat."

"Why that," said the pretty girl, "is simply a matter of practice,"

"Maybe so; though I'm very sure that no amount of practice would enable me to do it. But I admit that was a trifle compared with the knot in the end of the thread. How on earth could you tie it with one hand? I have seen the knot in the end of the thread. How on earth could you tie it with one hand? I have seen the thing done often before; but it is a sleight-of-hand trick that seems positively astonishing to me."

"Moy I'm should be assisted that the pretty girl, "is simply a matter of practice,"

"My that," said the pretty girl, "is simply of the purchaser, but it is a sleight-of-hand trick that seems positively astonishing to me."

"May be so; though I'm very sure that no amount of practice,"

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"My that," said the pretty girl, "is simply o

THIS EVENING.

RATCLIFFE, DARR & CO., Auctioneers, 920 Pennsylvania ave, n.w. PEREMPTORY AUCTION SALE OF THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF THE OLD ESTABLISHED BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE COR. 4% ST. AND FA. AVE. N.W., FORMERLY KNOW AS SHILLINGTON'S AND AT PRESENT MALISON & CO'S, CONSISTING IN 1 ART OF BOOKS BY ALL THE POPULAR AUTHORS IN CHEAP AND FINE BINDINGS, SEASIDE, LOVELL'S AND OTHER LISHARHES, A FULL LINE OF FINE STATION, BY, LIB. ARY AND COUNTING HOUSE SUPPLIES, HAON S FE, FIXTU, ES AND SHOW CASES, LETTER FRESS, &C., &C., AT AUCITON.

On SATURDAY, JANUARY EIGHTEENTH, 1890, beginning at HALF-PAST SEVEN O'CLOCK P.M. and continuing cach evening theresited as me hour until all is sood, we will sell the above well-selected stock of Goods as partly mentioned to the highest bidders, to which we invite general attention.

Store for rent and lease can be had for term of years.

RATCLIFFE, DARR & CO., Auctioneers.

"That was horddy mean of him. However, do tell me what were the other two miracles that you credit me with performing?"

"It only mention one of them." replied the young man. "You have just completed it with the sewing on of the button. I can sew on a button myself—in fact, I've done such a thing once or twice—but the mystery is how you strike the holes from the back side of the cloth every time. They are very small and I should have to feel all around for them with the needle; but you sew right through the button as if it presented no obstruction whatever, without so much as taking the trouble to look at what you are doing."

"That such one, I admit," said the maiden, "I really don't know how that is done. A sort of instinct it seems to be, somehow, acquired by practice, so that one know where the holes are without feeling for them. But I insist upon bearing about the fourth miracle."

MYSTERT OF AN ATTITUDE.

"If you won't think me impolite for mentioning it I will tell you. You are sitting, very gracefully, on your foot, and that is something if the possibility of which I have never been able to comprehend. No man can sit on his loot without the greatest difficulty, and to preserve without shall be greatest difficulty, and to preserve without the greatest difficulty, and to preserve with

THOMAS DOWLING, Auctioneer.

ENTIRE CONTENTS OF RESIDENCE NO. 1717
RHODE ISLAND AVENUE NORTHWEST AT
AUCTION.

RHODE ISLAND AVENUE NORTHWEST AT AUCTION.
On FRIDAY, TWENTY-FOURTH JANUARY, 1890 AT TEN A.M., at hesidence No. 1717 Rhode Island avenue, I will sell for cash, without reserve, the following well-kept household effects:

Legant Parlor Furniture,
Pecestals, Fancy Work Table,
Cabinets, Bricea-Brac,
Hall Rack, Table and Sofa,
Superb Japanese Writing Deak,
Elegant Japanese Cabinets,
Screens, Psyche Mirror,
Mantel Mirror, Book Case,
Desk and Writing Cabinets,
Superb Antique Mishorany Sideboard,
Walnut Extension Table and Side Tables,
Walnut Leather-covered Dining Chairs,
Portieres, Window Hanginge,
Brussels Carpets, Lugs,
Walnut and other Chamber Furniture,
Brass Bedstead, Pictures,
Hair and nusk Mattresses,
Pillows and Bolsters, Bedding,
China, Glassware, &c.,
Kitchen Requisites, Servants' Furniture, &c., &c.
House open day p. ior to sale,
laif-dis THOMAS DOWLING, Auctioneer

House open day prior to sale ja16-dts THOMAS DOWLING, Auctioneer. THOMAS DOWLING, Auctioneer.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF LARGE LOT JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES, WATCH CASES, CHAINS, CHARMS, FINGER RINGS, LARGE MILLER COMBINATION LOCK JEWELER'S MILLER COMBINATION LOCK JEWELER'S SAFE, &C., &C.
On WEDNESDAY, JANUARY TWENTY-NINTE, 1850, at TWO O'CLOCK F.M., within the sales rooms of Thomas Dowling, southwest corner of Fennsylvania ave, and 11 th st. r.w., 1 will sell as a whole the entire stock of Jewelry, Watches, Diamonds, Rings, Charms, Chains, Iron Safe, &c., as per invoice, and if not sold as a whole will be offered in detail later, of which due notice will be siven.

which due notice will be given. Terms cash.
By order of MILLS DEAN, assignee of E. E.
NEWTON.
ja16-dts

THOMAS DOWLING, Auctioneer. CATALOGUE SALE BOOKS, Comprising AMERICANA. MEDICAL BOOKS, LAW BOOKS, ENGLISH BOOKS AND GENERAL LITERATURE:

CRAYON PORTRAITS OF ROYAL PERSONAGES AND DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS: ALSO A COLLECTION OF MINERALS. To take place at my AUCTION BOOMS, 11TH ST. AND PA. AVE., Washington, D. C.,

ALSO

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY. JANUARY 21, 22 and 23, 1890. At SEVEN O'CLOCK P.M.

end of the line, have you? I got caught once last week; and me'n Bill had to work like nailors to beat a thunder storm."

"Have you got a ticket?"

"Of course."

"Then hand it over at once. I can't fool away my time here!"

"Shoo! Wall, here's the ticket, and I want a receipt for it. Feller in such a hurry as you are might die suddenly. Lands! but what a hired man you'd make for a week or two! Never had one who was in a hurry. Say, if you—"

But the conductor had gone, and he turned to us with a look of disgust on his face, and continued:

"That's the way with these monopolies. They not only want all your money, but they won't treat you decent after they git it. Reckon I'll drop in on the boss of the road when I git to town, and let him know that such conducts don't go down with a free-born American."

ally, and to be secured by deed of trust on property sold, or all 'ash, at option of purchaser. A deposit of sold, or all 'ash, at option of purchaser. A deposit of purchaser. A deposit of purchaser. A deposit of such resule in time of sale. All contice of such resule in some newspaper published in Washington, D.C. Conveyancing, ac. at cost of purchaser.

DLREMPTORY SALE OF AN ELEGANT 3-STORY I AND BACK BUILDING BRICK HOUSE. NO. 1522 NINTH STRLET NORTHWEST.

I will offer for sale in front of the premises on WEDNASDAY THE TWENTY-SECOAD DAY OF JUNCANSON AND BROSS.

O'CLOCK P. h., lot 166 in square 365.

Terms: Property sold subject to a deed of trust to be paid in cash and the balance in I and 2 years with interest at the rest you decent after they git it. Reckon I'll drop in on the boss of the road when I git to to town, and let him know that such conduct don't go down with a free-born American."

ally. And to be secured by deed of trust op purchaser. A deposit of purchaser. A deposit of purchaser. But of purchaser. But of defaulting purchaser.

Auctioneers.

PLEMPTORY SALE OF AN ELEGANT 3-STORY I will offer for sale in front of the purchaser. Sold of trust to be premise on the purchaser.

Sold of trust of default

AUCTION SALES.

FUTURE DAYS. UNCANSON BROS., Auctioneers.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF A NICE LOT, IMPROVED BY
A TWO-STO...Y P.: AME DWELLING, NO. 1643
SINTH STREET NORTHWEST.
By virtue of a deed of trust dated December 29, A.D.
1888, and recorded in Liber No. 1361, folio 188 et seq., one of the la.d records of the District of Columbia, and at the request of the holder of the note, we will sell at public auction in front of the premis s. of WEDNESDAY, JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH, A.D.
1890, AT HALP-PAST POUR O'CLOCK P.M., the following described real estate, situate in the city of Washington, District of Columbia, to wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land and premises known and distinguished as and being part of original lot seven (77, in square four hundred and seventy-seven (477), contained within the following metes as d bounds: Beginning for the same on 6th street thirty (30) feet north from the southwest corner of said tot and run-

FASHIONABLE GOODS. AT AUCTION, WITHIN OUR SALESROOMS.

JANUARY TWENTIETH. AT TEN O'CLOCK.

ON MONDAY MORNING.

IN LOTS TO ACCOMMODATE.

THOMAS DOWLING, Auctioneer. VALUABLE UNIMPROVED PROPERTY ON THE NURTH SIDE OF O OR SICOND STREET BETWEEN MARKET AND PREDERICES STREETS, GEORGETOWN, D.C. AT AUCTION.
On TUESDAY, JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST, 1890, at FOUR O'CLOCK, in front of the premises, I shall seel part of Lot 138, in square 75, fronting 24 feet on the north side of O or Mastreet between Market and Frederick streets, by a depth of 150 feet.
Terms, Obe-fourth cash, balance in 1 and 2 years, with notes bearing interest, and secured by a deed of trust. All conveyancing, &c., at purchaser's cost. \$100 deposit required at the time of sale.

116-dts THOMAS DOWLING, Auctioneer.

the possibility of which I have never been able to comprehend. No man can sit on his foot without the greatest difficulty, and to preserve such an attitude for five minutes would be torture to me. I have always been curious to know how it was done and why."

The pretty girl yielded to an irrepressible giggle.

I have always been curious to know how it was done and why."

The pretty girl yielded to an irrepressible giggle.

I have always been curious to know how it was done and why."

A deposit of \$250 as soon as property is knowled down will be required. All conveyancing at the cost of the purchaser.

G26-dts

A defost in a good condition for cultivation for cultivation. Bed Clothing, Bress Goods, Shawle, Gunz, Riffes, Revolucing the two equal payments at on and the residue in two equal payments to bear interest from day of sale and secured by a deed of trust on the property. A deposit of \$250 as soon as property is knowled down will be required. All conveyancing at the cost of the purchaser.

G26-dts

WALTER HALL, Trustee.

And numediately thereafter the west half of lot L of said subdivision of lots in square 492, being improved by a brick structure now used as a store, and on the corner of 6th street and Maryland avenue southwest, terms of saie prescribed by the decree are one-third of the jurchase money in cash and the balance in two equal installments, secured by notes of purchaser, in one and so jears respectively, bearing interest from day of sale at 6 per cent per annum, and deed of trust on property sold, or sail cash, at option of the jurchaser. A deposit of \$1 0 will be required on each piece of property when sold and all conveyancing or recording to be at purchaser's costs. If terms of sale basic compiled with within 15 days after day of sale beaut compiled with within 15 days after day of sale beaut compiled with which is days after day of sale beaut compiled with sproperty will be resaid after 5 days, previous advertisement, at the risk and cost of the defaulting purchaser.

BUTLEDGE WILLSON, Trustee,

Chaser.

BUTLEDGE WILLSON, Trustee,
406 5th st. n. w.
SAM'L MADDON, Trustee,
4 2 Louisiana ave.
DUNCANSON BROS., Auctioneers. his-dads

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

We represent five of the largest houses in the world, namely: Decker Bros., Weber, Fischer and Estey Pianos and Estey Organs These famous instruments rank as "leaders" everywhere. We sell on east monthly payments, rent Pianos and Organs with option of purchase, and take old instruments in ex-change, allowing the full value therefor. We also have a department for tuning and repairing, and give careful attention to any work in this line entrusted to us. We have well-stocked ware rooms at 934 F street this city; 13 North Charles street, Baltimore, and 1217 Main street, Richmond, Va. Buying on as large a scale as we do (being the largest Piano and Organ concern in the south) enables us

sell to our customers at the lowest possible prices and on the most favorable terms. Do not think of buying or renting a Piano or a Organ before examining our splendid assortment of instruments and getting our terms. SANDERS & STAYMAN, 934 F street northwest.

STIEFF PIANOS. STIEFF PIANOS.

Prize Medal Paris Exposition. 200 first premiums indersed by over 100 music schools and colleges for durastility. Old Pianos taken in exchange. The onl Upright that can take the place of a Grand.

Preference A Confirst, and 21-3m

614 11th st. n.w.

HALLET & DAVIS UPRIGHT GRAND PIANOS; elegant Holiday styles; sujerb tones, exquisite touch; marvelious enduring power; new and great improvements; THE PLAFECT UPRIGHT PIANOS Choose now. A Christmas present for a life time.

H. L. SUMNER, Agent, all with st. n. w.

PIANOS.

UNEQUALED IN TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP
AND DURABILITY.

Special attention of "Purchasers" is invited to their
"New Artisuc Styles," finished in designs of High-EST DECORATIVE ART. Planos for rent.

SECOND-HAND PIANOS. — A large assortment contribing almost every well-known make in the country, in thorough repair, will be closed out at var lew fagures. SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS offered both prices and in terms, which will be arranged on EAS MUNTULY INSTALLMENTS when desired.

WM. KNABE & CO., 817 Market Space. BOOKS AND STATIONERY

BBB 00 00 KK SSS BBB AA U U MM MM SSS EBBB AA UU M M M M SSS E

CARD ENGRAVING MOURNING AND WEDDING STATIONERY.

PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS complete in everything necessary to take, develop, print, tone and mount a photograph. Size No. 2, 85; size No. 3, 810. ROBERT F. MILLER, 539 15th st., Corcoran Buildin

FOR THE NEW YEAR.
DIABLES, PHYSICIANS' VISITING LIBTS,
TEACHERS' AIDS TO THE LESSONS
FOR 50.
WM. BALLANTINE & SOR